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JUVENILE EPIGRAMS,

AND

POEMS.

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AND

POEMS,

WRITTEN BY

SAMUEL JOHN NASH, LL.B.

AND ADDRESSED TO THE

GENTLEMEN OF THE ARMY,

AND

THE NAVY.

" When Horace came with all his charms,
" Mæcenas caught him in his arms,
" And bid him kiſs the Muſe."

NASH.

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JUVENILE EPIGRAMS,

AND

POEMS.

POEMS, &c.

THE SILK WORMS BALL.

AN EPIGRAM.

Written by the Sweet Muſician.

Touch a Lilley of the Valley Bell, and
Try if it will tingle;
Turn the Tambarine about, and ſee
If it will gingle.
Turn the Tambarine about, and ſee
If it will gingle.
Turn the Tambarine about, and ſee
If it will gingle.

For now's the time to wind the Ball
The Silk Worm has been ſpinning;
Since if you once can find the *end*,
You may know the *beginning*.

THE FARMER TO HIS FRIEND.

A POEM.

BEFORE the dawn of Day,
My buſy work's begun;
Nor do I homeward ſtray,
But with the ſetting Sun.

To tend my Flock of Sheep,
And guard their young from harm,
A Dog and Boy I keep,
While I look o'er my Farm.

My Wife the Poultry feeds,
And turns her Spinning Wheel;
Nor aught beſide ſhe heeds,
While we ſuch comfort feel.

My time with eaſe I ſpend,
And always am content;
If I can treat a Friend,
And pay my Yearly Rent.

If you ſuch pleaſure find,
Enjoy it while you can;
And always keep in mind,
That VIRTUE makes the Man.

AN EPIGRAM.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S POCKET-BOOK.

Mrs. Whitten, your name is written,
upon Aſſes ſkin.

THE REPLY.

Sir, I do not take it ill,
Becauſe you wrote it with a Gooſe's Quill.

THE SLEDGE-HAMMERS.

AN EPIGRAM.

WHENE'ER the Sledge-Hammers come down clever,
They are ſure to bring on pleaſant Weather.

THE INDIAN BOY AND GIRL.

AN EPIGRAM.

A LITTLE Indian Boy and Girl,
As blith as Hawthorn May,
Came dancing out in many a whirl,
Upon a Summer's Day.

He ſaid he heard the War Whoops call,
Come ſounding in his Ear;
She ſaid it was the Waterfall,
And bid him not to fear.

His little Boſom panted high,
Her Breaſts ſoon caught the flame;
He ſaid he would like Light'ning fly,
To kindle up the ſame.

For white Man's Guns he ſaid would kill
An Indian or a Bear;
An Arrow winged with Eagle's Quill,
Says ſhe will kill a Hare.

She ſaid ſhe'd get a Tommahawk,
And hang it by her Side;
And croſs the Stream as light as Cork,
To be his future Bride.

He pluck'd a Dandelion Mop,
And laughing bid her blow;
She ſaid he'd better ſpin his Top,
Than ſerve his true Love ſo.

For if ſhe blew the down away
While they were out alone,
She doubted much another day,
If he would be at home.

He dreſs'd himſelf with Blue Bells gay,
Her Eyes drop'd many a Tear;
He call'd her Queen of Canada,
And bid her naught to fear:

For Birds he ſaid in Snares are caught,
And wild Fowls in the Sedge;
Then bid her break his MERRY-THOUGHT,
In Token of their Pledge.

DUKE ALENSON's HATCHET.

AN EPIGRAM.

JUNIUS on a certain day,
Could ſet and twirl his Seal;
While Churchill's Fingers ſeemed to ſay,
Theſe want the BARLEY MEAL.

THE EVENING.

A POEM.

THE Partridge gives the Evening call,
The Pheaſant clucks her brood;
And when the dew begins to fall,
The Hare comes out for food.

The Rooks and Daws come flying home,
To reſt their weary wings;
The Bird of Night goes out alone,
The Robin ſweetly ſings.

The Quail ſets up her ſqueaking pipe,
The running Land Rail crakes,
The Water Hen ſpeaks to the Snipe,
The wild Duck ſeeks the Lakes.
All theſe proclaim their God.

The Cottager whoſe time is bought,
Who never dared to roam;
Loaded with care, and fill'd with thought,
Comes walking ſlowly home.

The Children too devoid of care,
To have a game at play;
Fly to the ſpot where others are,
And end the tedious day.

But when the Sun's within the deep,
And Silence has took up her ſtand;
The Shepherd's Boy pens in his Sheep,
To cultivate the fallow Land.

While Jupiter brings on the Morn,
And ſhines with borrowed Light;
Venus blows her ſilver Horn,
And rules as QUEEN of NIGHT.

THE MORNING.

A POEM.

THE Lark mounts up to ſing his Song,
And ſpeak his Maker's praiſe;
The feather'd Tribe the woods among,
Join their reſponſive lays.

When Harmony is all afloat,
Each Warbler tells his tale;
As echo joins the ſoftened note,
And takes it through the vale.

The Morning breathes the fragrant air,
The ſilver dew o'erſpreads the lawn;
The murmuring rill is heard from far,
The Cock's ſhrill clarion hails the morn.

Cynthia working at her web,
Spins out her toil in many a maze;
The Shepherd riſing from his bed,
Lets out his fleecy charge to graze.

The patient Swain attends his herd,
The Milk Maid chaunts her matin ſong;
The Water Mill from diſtance heard,
Sends down her ſtream the brook along.
To hail the new-born day.

A FLOWER PIECE.

A POEM.

The golden Sun Flower droops his head,
To ſave his purple hue;
The Hollyhock, whoſe colours red,
Stands up for diſtant view.

The Aſtrum ſhews its pretty Star,
That's purple, red, or blue;
The Paſſion-Flower brought from far,
In Jeſſey's garden grew,
The Flower of the Lord.

The July Flower, whoſe warm rich face
Is ſtrongly touch'd with red;
Peeps in at Venus looking glaſs,
The Flower of the Bed.

The Roſe that grew by Carron's ſide,
The Star of Jaſon pale,
Jeruſalem and London's pride,
The Flowers of the Vale.

Entwined with Nature's beauteous line,
And Myrtle ſprays for Evergreen;
With Rocket and with Eglintine,
Are offer'd unto JUDA'S QUEEN.

QUELLE HEURE EST IL?

AN EPIGRAM.

THE Cricket Men can tell their game,
By counting up their Notches:
And we may ſurely do the ſame,
By looking at our Watches.

A FLOWER PIECE.

AN EPIGRAM.

FLORA turned a Paintreſs ſips
Her Camel's Hair between her lips;
Then parcels out her choiceſt ſtores
Of Shrubs and Inſects, Fruits and Flowers.

She fills with dew her Golden Cup,
And offers Prayer and Incenſe up,
To HER who rules the riſing Sun,
Before her daily taſk's begun.

Violet rings her Valley Bells,
Whoſe wanton look beguiles;
The Lady-Bird her ſtory tells,
The yellow Lilley ſmiles.

She pencils out the Tulip's Streaks,
And ſhews her giddy wanton freaks;
Strews rich Anemones on beds,
Renuncules with doubled heads,
Auriculas and Marygolds.

She holds her Pallet on her Thumb,
And paints the bloom upon the Plum;
And that her light and ſhade may ſpeak,
She lays a tint on Violet's Cheek.

The Butterfly ſupplies her down,
To paint the colour of her Gown;
But Violet ſmil'd, and ſhew'd the Queen,
A pattern from the EVERGREEN.

The Moſſey Roſe then drooped her head,
And bluſh'd becauſe ſhe'd heard it ſaid,
That LOVE and IDLENESS will ſport,
Along with Venus NAVEL WORT.

INNATE IDEAS.

AN EPIGRAM.

POETA, they ſay, naſcitur
Non fit,
Now may I never ſtir, if I was
Born a Wit.

TRUE WIT.

AN EPIGRAM.

True Wit, like a keen Sportſman's Eye,
As quick as thought takes aim;
A Bird can ſcarcely riſe to fly,
Before ſhe's kill'd her Game.

'Tis like the pretty Valley Bells,
Rung by the Muſes nine;
Or Elegance adorned with Shells,
And Diamonds from the Mine.

'Tis Phaeton's fiery Steeds and Car,
Or Focus of the Sight;
The Horſe that pants and foams for War,
Or 'tis the Northern Light.

'Tis Powder flaſhing from a Gun,
Or 'tis the Light'ning's Dart;
The riſing or the mid-days Sun,
Whoſe rays can warmth impart.

Here Venus held me out a Crown,
And threw the golden Apple down;
But e'er the Fruit could reach the Plain,
Wit's Arrow cleft it CLEAN in TWAIN.

THE NOSEGAY.

AN EPIGRAM.

As Sally wiſh'd a Noſegay, made of
Flowers fine and gay;
That ſhe might ſhew herſelf abroad,
With Mary Queen of May;

I cut her off ſome Southern Wood,
And put it in her Can;
While ſhe bound up her Bloody Walls,
Along with Summer Man.

I pluck'd her up a Daiſy, and ſaw
Her Eyes could ſpeak;
She went and fetch'd a BUTTER FLOWER,
And clap'd it to my Cheek.

LOVE IN A MIST.

AN EPIGRAM.

THE Minute Hand goes o'er her ground,
Her Sister points the hours;
The Bee for Honey flies around,
And sips the loaded Flowers.

So Mary now her primes begun,
Wishes the world to see,
That she can travel with the Sun,
Or imitate the Bee.

The Larkspur towers her head to view
The yellow Rocket blow;
And Mary like the wind is true
To every handsome Beau.

The Swallow twitters to her young,
The Pyefinch sits and sings his song;
The Wren with plumage light and airy,
Comes and charms my lovely Mary.

She's ſometimes pleaſed, and often ſhy,
But now ſhe's got the ennui;
She calls her Beau her Amethiſt,
And ſays his love is IN A MIST.

THE HUNTING WHIP AND SKIPPING CORD.

ELEGANTIÆ GRATIA.

SHE dances o'er her ſkipping cord,
She dances o'er her ſkipping cord,
She dances o'er her ſkipping cord,
She dances while ſhe's ſkipping.

He dances with his hunting whip,
He dances with his hunting whip,
He dances with his hunting whip,
She anſwers with her CLING CLANG.

The hunting whip and ſkipping cord,
The hunting whip and ſkipping cord,
The hunting whip and ſkipping cord,
May both be uſed IN ENGLAND.

JACOB AND JOHANNAH.

A POEM.

THE Ivy claſps her loving arms
Around her fav'rite Tree;
And Jacob ſmiles upon his Bride,
Like Yellow Jeſſeme.

She like a Roſe juſt budded forth,
Or Peaches in their bloom;
Returns a ſmile as ſweet as his,
Collected from the Broom.

Her charming ſhape and beauteous mien,
Surpaſs the taper Larch when green:
He ſtands and braves the winds and ſtorms,
Nor heeds the noiſe of War;
Or drives along the flying ſteeds,
Like Phaeton in his Car.

A gentle flame her boſom warms,
That calms his Soul from ſtrife;
And ſhews how ardently ſhe loves
The Partner of her life.

With ſympathy his boſom ſwells,
He ſcarce can ſtop the tear;
Her throb'ing breaſt a ſtory tells,
That none but he can hear.

MEMORIAS POCKET BOOK.

AN EPIGRAM.

WHENE'ER my Sally's faults I ſpy,
I always turn my head awry;
But if I'd tell her what I think,
I dip my pen in Snow for Ink.

And when I'd ſhew her what I feel,
I write with Quill Æriel:
She gives me then a pretty look,
And calls me MEMORY'S POCKET BOOK.

THE THREE GRACES.

AN EPIGRAM.

THE yellow Furze-Flower's guarded round
With prickly Thorns, and yet ſhe ſmiles;
The Thiſtle's boſom's fill'd with milk,
She wears a crown about her head.

And colours like the damaſk Roſe,
Or elſe ſhe's robed in Tyrian blue;
Laburnum droops its head, and ſhews its
Golden Chains tied up in links.

It tries to beat the Flower of the Broom,
Gold cannot touch its looks;
Unleſs the Saffron-coloured Crocus aids,
And lends his yellow hue.

The firſt denotes a pretty girl from France,
Who's Hellena preſerved:
Louiſa Graham's boſom ſwells with
Proper dignity and pride.

She ſays ſhe's heard a Scottiſh Thiſtle
Never grew on this ſide Tweed;
She owns it for her darling Flower,
And wears it quartered in her arms.

But Sally thinks the other ſpells her
Name, it bloſſoms on her cheek;
She ſaid I ought to wear the *Purple Padica*,
And graſs-green Leek.
Then cut me off a *Cupid's Chain*,
And flung it round my neck.

THE HOG.

AN EPIGRAM.

A Hog from Cambs old dirty Town,
Into a College got;
Says Will he came to ſee his own,
But they receiv'd him not.

AN EPIGRAM.

ADDRESSED BY MARY.

Says Mary caſt a glance on me,
And keep me in your power,
You'll find me ſweeter than the Pea,
Or Lupin's yellow Flower.

The Rocket ſhews my beauteous ſhape,
The Moſſy Roſe my hue;
My tender heart is like to break,
For fear of loſing you.

You ſay you love that pretty girl,
Why did you write to me;
A Net the Linnet will enthrall,
A Spider kills the Bee.

ITS ANSWER.

AN EPIGRAM.

The Bee from Flower to Flower flies,
And fragrant Honey ſips;
But that my Love is ſweeter far,
That hangs upon thy Lips.

AN ODE TO DINAH.

ON THE LOSS OF HER LOVER.

'When Friendſhip dies before the Friend,'
Hope droops her head to weep;
To think that all her joys muſt end,
Before the hand could reap,
The fruits of love mature.

The full-blown Roſe can't bear the touch,
And blue will loſe its dye;
The tender cord when ſtrain'd too much,
Will ſhort aſunder fly,
Be careful how you play.

My Dina ſits and weeps to think,
How quick her pleaſure flies;
Her briny tears recruit the ink
Faſt flowing from her eyes;
She holds her 'kerchief up.

She oft the China Saucer turns,
And tries to find his name;
The giddy Gnat with ardour burns,
To plunge into the flame:
Not knowing that the Fire kills.

The Youth with courage ſeeks the field,
And ſees a thouſand fall;
Before he knows his life will yield,
Before a Cannon Ball:
In War fate holds a thread.

My Dina too oft ſets and ſips
Her fill of Cupid's cup;
Not knowing that her love-parch'd lips,
Would drink the Ocean up,
Before ſhe'd quench the flame.

THE SMITERS.

Tom ſmites, Will ſmites, and Harry ſmites,
And then they all ſmite together;
And that brings about *pleaſant Weather.*

CUPID's DART.

AN EPIGRAM.

ADDRESSED BY MARY.

O THINK not, think not, Mary weak,
Becauſe the truth ſhe tells;
Nature herſelf burſts forth to ſpeak,
Awaked by magic ſpells.

I thought myſelf more free than air,
Or waters limpid ſtream:
All Warwickſhire confeſs'd me fair,
When love was but a dream.

Should Alfred prove to me unkind,
I'll tell him how the wave,
Is call'd an emblem of the mind,
That makes itſelf a ſlave.

My breath is ſweeter than Cowſlips,
My eyes are two Glow-worms;
Vermill'on cannot paint my lips,
My Soul with paſſion burns.

If you would win your Mary's heart,
Look at the little Dove;
And recollect that CUPID'S DART,
Is thrown at thoſe we love.

THE HUNTING FIELD.

AN EPIGRAM.

WILL nettled at a ſtern rebuke,
With eyes aſlant look'd round,
And ſaid, if a Hound is call'd Duke,
Pray is not Duke a Hound?

THE REPLY.

AN EPIGRAM.

HIS Maſter ſwore at the rebuke,
And ſaid if it is found,
That a Hound is called a Duke,
A Whelp may be a Hound.

THE STAR OF JASON.

A BURLESQUE EPIGRAM.

My Mary like the ten weeks ſtock,
Dreſſes in a muſlin frock;
And that ſhe may appear to pleaſe,
She works it round with *Sweet Hearts Eaſe*.

But that her heart may keep its power,
She guards it with a PASSION-FLOWER;
The Paſſion-Flower from the ſkies,
Attracts the fine SWEET WILLIAM's eyes.

The Lupin and the Violet too,
Are fond of being dreſſed in Blue;
But Mary to appear more bright,
Like Sheba robes herſelf in White.

Who once to try the wiſe man's art,
Concealed a Magnet in her Heart;
The force of which, ſhe made him feel,
Becauſe the King was poliſh'd Steel.
But Mary grown more wiſer far,
With paſſion caught the JASON's STAR.

A POEM, ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

HER PICTURE.

WHENE'ER I wiſh to pleaſe my love,
I ſend her home a Foxes Glove;
To ſhew her weight is ſterling gold,
I make her wear the MARYGOLD.

But if her beauty you would ſeek,
Its painted in her dimpled cheek;
The Poppy or Coquilicot,
Bedeck her Satin Petticoat.

The muſlin gown and light brown hair,
Become my charming Sally fair;
The Glow-worm and the Diamond vie,
To ſhew the beauties of her eye.

The ſilver Star and glazy Snake,
On either breaſt a ſparkling make;
A golden net contains her hair,
Such as Hebe uſed to wear:

Beſide, ſhe wears an Oſtrich Plume,
With Fillets and a Diamond Comb:
For me to ſay more words 'twere vain,
Since ADMIRATION feels a pain;
While pending to the Golden Chain,
She often wears about her Neck.

THE INSECTS DOCTRINE OF THE RESURRECTION.

COME along with me, ſays the
Great Butcher Bee.
Lady Bird, Lady Bird fly away Home,
Your Houſe is up higher than this is at HOME.

A GLASS OF WATER.

AN EPIGRAM.

If e'er a thought darts croſs the mind,
That makes the Eye look down;
Or if a word you think unkind,
Should weigh your Spirit down:

Some drops of Lavender will paſs,
Or drive away the Hip;
Or from the Chimney-piece a Glaſs
Of Water gently ſip:

But if you find yourſelf ſtill dull,
Fill up the glaſs with Wine;
Or drink a ſmaller bumper full,
And that will make the SUN TO SHINE.

ADDRESSED TO THE LADIES.

THE EXPLANATION.

A DOCTOR that ne'er wrote for pay,
Nor means to take a Fee:
Says, throw your Sugar all away,
And take the DROPS in TEA.

THE JEWS HARP.

AN EPIGRAM.

A FATHER with the beſt intent,
To paſs the time away,
Bid Jenny chuſe an Inſtrument,
On which ſhe'd learn to play.

The Drum he ſaid made too much rout;
The Hirdegirde too,
Required winding much about,
And that would never do.

As Needles points are very ſharp;
She ſaid as ſhe was young,
She'd learn to play on the JEW'S HARP,
That has a golden Tongue.

THE ADDITION.

AN EPIGRAM.

WHILE this advice was given Jane,
Her Siſter who ſtood by,
Reply'd, ſhe ſaw the CAMEL plain,
Go through the NEEDLE'S EYE.

SALLY.

AN EPIGRAM.

My Sally now begins to think
Herſelf as charming as a Pink;
The Marygold denotes her hair,
The Rocket ſays my Sally's fair.

Should all the lovely flowers combine
They cannot beat the ſweet Woodbine;
So Sally ſtands unrival'd yet,
For Beauty, Taſte, and Attic Wit.

She like the Honeyſuckle ſhews
The Line of Beauty on her Noſe;
Could Flora paint her Cap-a-pie,
She'd take her colour from the Pea.

She wiſhes all the world to know,
Beſide herſelf ſhe wears a Beau;
She's like Minerva brought to life,
And only fit for Cæſar's wife.

A BURLESQUE ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

AN EPIGRAM.

STORE up your Wheat within your Barn,
And let the Sun parch up the weeds,
That grow among the ſtubs or holm;
The Thraſher next muſt ply his arm.

Then turn round the Winnowing Fan,
Which like good ſenſe blows out the Chaff;
The Farmer next muſt ſcreen the Corn,
And put it up in Sacks for Sale.

As Authors Works record their name,
And hand their Merit down to Fame,
Mark well the pure Poetic Line,
And let your Wit like Diamonds ſhine;
For none but excellence can feel,
That Attic Wit is poliſhed Steel.

Since Men like Sheep will follow him
Who wears the Bell about his neck;
Let nothing low defile your lines,
Which are the picture of yourſelf.

The box and buſhy hedge is clip'd,
They mow and ſweep the even lawn;
As Farmers pick and ſquitch their land,
So Writings want the Critic's hand.

The Eyes of Argus may grow dim,
The Poet's Ear may miſs the ſound;
Let Wit and Candour then come in
To dreſs the Meal, or clear the ground.

As Gold may be too pure for ſale,
Mark well the points and draw the line;
Let Truth and Reaſon tell the tale,
For Poetry may be too fine,
And language has its boundaries.

One man conceives a happy thought,
Another gives the wheel a turn,
And brings the latent beauty forth,
Its luſtre then is ſeen from far,
Like Venus when an Evening Star.

We ſharpen Wit upon the wheel,
To make it look like ſparks from Steel;
Or elſe we touch its edge with Port,
Which makes it ſparkle like Champaign.

True Wit, like wind or wildfire flies,
It gliſtens like a lady's eyes;
Like Cynthia when ſhe's robed in white,
Or Heaven upon a froſty night.

It runs along in language plain,
Like Lectric Sparks upon a Chain;
When Wit is genuine and bright,
She's like a Glow-Worm in the night,

She's quicker than a Sportſman's Gun,
And ſhines like dew drops in the ſun;
Her bird when ſhot ne'er feels the pain,
She'll cut a Diamond CLEAN in TWAIN.

THE ANVIL.

THE Sparks of Wit fly from the Anvil.

LIGHT.

AN EPIGRAM.

THE Light in the round Top.
The Light behind the Wheel.
The Light of the Sun.
The Light of the Moon.
The Light of the Stars.
The Light of the Eye.
The Light of the Mind.
If God is Light,
Men ſhould not be,
In Tenebræ.

THE POET.

AN EPIGRAM.

THE Poet works to windward, as I've heard many ſay;
The Poet works to windward, the Poet WORKS HIS WAY.

THE WATER GLASS AND LYRE.

AN ODE.

URANIA with her handſome face,
And voice like muſic clear,
Stands up and rings a Water Glaſs,
To make Apollo hear.

Awaking from his ſilken dream,
With eyes that ſparkle fire,
He takes a draught of Aëther's ſtream,
And catches up his Lyre.

She ſmil'd and rung,
He play'd and ſung,
The liſt'ning eight admire;
The Planets took the accents round,
While Heaven and Hades both reſound
The Water Glaſs and Lyre.

Whene'er Calliope recites,
Hoping to wear the Crown;
Clio takes her pen and writes
Her fine Ideas down.

" Before the ev'ning Sun is ſet,
" The Oak, the Elm, the Pine;
" The Shepherd with his Claronet,
" Are ſubjects for HER Rhyme."

The Tygers ſtand
At HIS command,
While Sol trims up his Fire;
The Muſic then went round and round,
And every Star began to ſound,
The praiſes of the Lyre.

" She ſaid ſhe'd mount on Pegaſus,
" And fly away to Fame;
" And ſend her round the Univerſe,
" To tell her Patron's name.

" She bid Apollo ſound it forth,
" And Clio write it down;
" That he ſhould ſpring up in the north,
" And be of great renown."

The Muſic rings,
Apollo ſings,
And burns with ſoft deſire;
While Sol receives the trembling ſound,
And bids the Planets take it round,
To venerate the Lyre.

The Furies turn their ovals round,
Tantalus eats his fill;
Enchanted by the Magic Sound,
Ixion's Wheel ſtands ſtill.

Apollo now himſelf grew proud,
And touch'd the ſounding Lyre,
While HECATE ſtood and SCREAM'D aloud,
They'll ſet the World on fire.

Meduſa ſhakes,
And ſhews her Snakes,
While all the ſhades admire
The Muſic as it echoes round,
And makes the hollow Vaults reſound
The Water Glaſs and Lyre.

A STICK AND A HOOP.

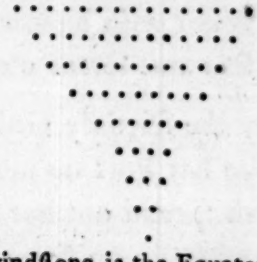
AN EPIGRAM.

WHEN firſt the Clocks began to click,
God mark'd the circle round with Hours,
Then lent a little Boy a Stick,
And bid him trundle round a Hoop,
To ſhew the World MECHANIC POWERS.

DOTTING WORK.

AN EPIGRAM.

BEERSHEBA ſays its dotting work,
Beerſheba ſays its dotting work,
Beerſheba ſays its dotting work,
Its dotting work,
Its dotting work,
Its dotting work.



The Grindſtone is the Equator.

NOTE.

If a line is bounded by points, the radius is dotting work.

A STORM AT SEA.

A POEM.

Æacus opes his brazen doors,
Out fly the long impriſoned blaſts,
The Eaſtern Sea and Baltic roars,
And horror while the Tempeſt laſts
Stands looking from the Cliffs.

The ſurge comes rolling on and on,
Wave after wave in Tempeſt toſt,
The troubled Sea is all a foam,
Like Ira when her reaſon's loſt,
The Breakers daſh, the Rocks reſound,
The roaring Wind with hallow ſound,
Spreads fear and terror o'er the Land.

Deſerted by the friendly Gale,
Thinking to ſee her Port no more,
I ſaw a Bark ſpread out her ſail,
As if ſhe wiſhed to fly on ſhore,
While hope knelt down and ſaid a prayer.

The Sea Gulls ſcream, the Lightnings flaſh,
The Norway Vortex whirling round,
Is heard to beat, and howl, and daſh,
Opening her mouth from under ground,
To ſwallow Whales and Ships.

The frighten'd fiſh for ſhelter fly,
The talleſt firs let go the ground;
While all the horrors of the Sky,
Are dealing out deſtruction round
About, the ſtormy Sea and Land.

As Night drives on her duſky Car,
And ſees all in confuſion hurl'd;
The Polar Star is ſeen from far,
The Zenith of the Northern World.

THE SAILMAKER'S SIGNAL IS THE NAUTILUS.

MOTTO.

He gives the Sail a gentle furl.

FORGE WORK.

A PICTURE.

THE Fire is the Sun in the
Blackſmith's Shop.

Tom, Will, and Harry,
Will holds up a Hammer,
Tom gives it a gentle tap,
Harry gives it a gentle tap,
And then he taps theirs;
When they all come down together,
And that brings round pleaſant weather.

MORAL.

When Providence looks down upon this World, and ſees things go on clever,
He ſmiles upon us, and then it is pleaſant Weather.

THE STRIKERS.

TOM ſtrikes, Will ſtrikes and Harry ſtrikes,
And then they all ſtrike together,
And that brings about pleaſant Weather.

THE TRIANGLE.

AN EPIGRAM.

IF you can point the Muſquet well,
Or Broad-Sword neatly wield;
The Triangle will ſurely tell,
What's MUSIC for the FIELD.

THE BRONTE.

A NAVAL EPIGRAM.

THE Bronte is out at Sea,
Fiddle De De,
The Cat's in the Cupboard and ſhe can't ſee.

N— HARBOUR.

AN EPITAPH FOR A MONUMENT,

TO BE ERECTED IN SPILSBURY CHURCH, IN THIS COUNTY.

HERE lies inter'd beneath this Stone,
A Star that might have ſhone,
Among the brighteſt in the
NORTHERN HEMISPHERE.
Without a Tomb,
Or letter'd Urn,
To ſay, here lies the famous
Earl of Rocheſter,
Baron of Atterbury, Oxfordſhire.

ANOTHER,

TO BE CUT AT THE BOTTOM OF A NEW ERECTED TABLE, IN A COUNTRY CHURCH.

THE Earl of S. ſet up this Stone,
To tell his uncles Deeds;
I think he'd better hide his own,
And only tell his BEADS.

THE BLACKBIRD.

A POEM.

Is God Almighty's Preacher with his Golden Bill.

His Morning Prayer is Chief.

Lady Bird, Lady Bird, Lady Bird chief,
Lady Bird, Lady Bird, Lady Bird,
Sweet Lady Bird, Sweet Lady Bird, Sweet Lady Bird,
The Sparrow Hawk, the Sparrow Hawk, the Sparrow Hawk.
The Warble, the Warble, the Warble, Chief Chief Chief,
Twediddle, Twediddle, Twediddle Chief.
It's the Swallow, it's the Swallow, it's the Swallow.
Lady Bird Chief, Lady Bird Chief, Lady Bird Chief.

Ehau Ehau Ehau,
Ehau Hau Hau,
Chief Chief Chief,
Ehau.
Warbler Chief, Warbler Chief, Warbler Chief.
War War War,
Warchief:
Chief.
Lady Bird Chief, Lady Bird Chief, Lady Bird Chief.
Tweat Tweat Tweat,
Twar Twar Twar,
Tweat.
Twediddle, Twediddle, Twediddle,
Peof.
Chitte Chitte Chitte Chee,
Chitte Che,
Chaf:
Pink Pink Pink.
The Water Warble, the Water Warble, the Water Warble,

The Sweet Warble, the Sweet Warble,
the Sweet Warble,
The Warble, the Warble, the Warble,
The Warble.
Croak Croak Croak
Krow Krow Krow
Crowe Crowe Crowe
Che Che Che
Chit Chit Chit
ch ch ch
h h h
c c c
c

Chou Chou Chou
Cheap Cheap Cheap
Cheap
Ch
C
h
The Sweet Flutter, the Sweet Flutter, the
Sweet Flutter.

Quit, Quit, Quit.
Quit, Quit, Quit.
Quit, Quit, Quit.
Quail.

The Sweet Whirl, the Sweet Whirl, the Sweet Whirl.

Chew, Chew, Chew.
The Whiſtle.
Jay.

Chitte Chitte, Chitte Chitte, Chitte Chitte.
Sparrow Hawk.
Cheat, Cheat, Cheat.
Chee, Chee, Chee.
Tit, Tit, Tit,
Tee.

Its the Thruſh, Its the Thruſh, Its the Thruſh.
Jug, Jug, Jug.
Sweet, Sweet, Sweet,
Sweet.
Chief, Chief, Chief.

Lady Bird Chief, Lady Bird Chief, Lady Bird Chief.

NOTE.

[r] From the ſplaſhings of the Water Drops he riſes, with Five Hundred Thouſand voices of his God.

PETROWITZ'S HATCHET.

AN EPIGRAM.

GREAT Petrowitz's of Ruſſia knew,
How, to chop an ACORN CLEAN in TWO.

THE EAGLE.

AN EPIGRAM.

WHEN the Snake is in the Graſs, and
The Eagle's in the Sky,
There's a TOOTH for a TOOTH,
And an EYE for an EYE.

THE MORAL.

WHEN God looks down and ſees things go
on contrary to HIS WORD,
He puts down the Scales, and takes up a
SWORD.

SENSIBILITY.

SENSIBILITY lives in the Heart.

THE CRITIC.

SPECIMENS IN CRITICISM.

Sound is a Vacuum.

Sound beats upon the drum of the Ear.

A Watch ticks in the Ear.

Put a Man in a Drum and he will be drowned by the ſound.

You drown'd my Ears.

The Ear of delicacy.

A delicate Ear.

The eyes of Argos and the Miroſcopic eye.

A Man loaded with care, walks ſlowly Home.

A Man goes quietly out to work, and hite tite or trudges to a Country Wake.

To have a game at play.

To play at Battledoor and Shuttlecock.

To fly a Kite.

To cut the ſtring.

It tumbles down.

THE CIRCLE.

AN EPIGRAM.

THE Glaziers Signal is a Circle, if the French can view it.

True, ſays an honeſt Tar, but we can ſee through it.

THE ANVILLS.

AN EPIGRAM.

WHEN things are done below, quite ſmooth and even;

The Angels hear the Anvills ring in Heav'n.

DIVINE JUSTICE.

AN EPIGRAM.

IF Men on Earth 'gainſt God dare once rebel,

From Heav'n he ſends them down again to gape AT HELL.

THE ANCHOR.

AN EPIGRAM.

HOPE having been a voyage at Sea,
Requeſted leave to go on ſhore;
Since much ſhe wiſh'd to go and ſee,
A Child who thought ſhe'd been no more.

Conſolation was the Friend,
In whom ſhe placed her chiefeſt ſtay;
For fear that Grief ſhould gain her end,
And take her Picture quite away.

The Captain ſaid he knew not how,
To keep the Anchor without HOPE;
Unleſs he hung it o'er the Bow,
And tied it with a Cable Rope.

She took him gently by the hand,
As ſhe can ſmile, and joy impart;
And ſaid while he had the command,
She'd hang it ſomewhere in HIS HEART.

THE FIG TREE AND THE VINE.

A POEM.

THE Soldier tired with wars alarms,
And being in the Tented Field,
Flies to the Country to ſeek thoſe charms,
Which true felicity alone can yield.

He firſt looks out a very pleaſant ſpot,
From which the Landſcapes ever new;
Fit ſituation for a neat ſnug Cot,
Where he his rural pleaſures may purſue.

Near which muſt run a winding limpid Stream,
Where he can gently walk up by the Brook;
And take the hungry Trout that does not dream,
That treach'ry, art, and guile conceal a hook.

His Rifle next becomes a Fowling Piece,
His Tent is ſet up for a Summer Houſe,
His Swans are metamorphoſed into Geeſe,
And his Lady's turn'd into a Country Mouſe.

His object next's to rent a little Farm,
To help ſupply the luxuries of life;
And keep himſelf employ'd, and free from harm,
That he may live in comfort with his Wife.

His Sword is forg'd into a new Plough-ſhare,
To all his follies now he ſees an end;
Of which he's had a very ample ſhare,
Since to himſelf he never was a Friend.

Although ſhe hadn't the good fortune in life,
Since they both have met with many a frown,
Among friends to be call'd a Gen'ral's wife,
She can dreſs in a genteel Cotton Gown.

Her Dog muſt come and look up in her face,
As paſt misfortunes muſt not gain their end;
Due order alſo muſt fill up its place,
Becauſe ſhe hopes that fortune ſtill may mend.

Careleſs whether the world may ſmile or frown,
Although he cannot draw upon a Mine;
He calmly and compoſedly ſets him down,
Beneath his Fig-Tree and his Vine.

THE TROWEL.

AN EPIGRAM

A BRICKLAYER ſhould ſee with a glance of his Eye.
Or ſlap with his Trowel behead A POOR FLY.

RELIGIO LUCE CLARIOR.

AN EPIGRAM.

TRUE Religion is more clear than light,
It joins the Prince and People with their God;
Her Robe is always of the pureſt White,
But never was intended as a Rod.

DIVINE POWER.

THE DEA.

THE Dea can paint the wings of the Butterfly,
While God can plant the tall Elm, or the hardy Oak;
From the Oxes, the Eagles, or the human Eye,
Or ſplit down a Tower with his red LIGHTNINGS STROKE.

THE GREAT JEWS HARP.

A FRAGMENT.

When Paradiſe began to flame,
King David roſe and tuned a ſtring;
Then call'd upon his Maker's name,
And bid the ſweet Muſician ſing.

Who ſaid he had no other choice;
When Gabriel came from above,
To let the People hear his voice,
And join'd in cheerful ſtrains of love.

The little Harp of Juda's Land,
While all the Stars and Planets rung,
Had Heaven's notes at its command,
Becauſe an Angel touch'd its Tongue.

THE ACORN.

The Hull Signal is an ACORN HOLLOW.

A PAIR OF SCALES.

AN EPIGRAM.

LAWFUL allegiance links the people together in a Chain,
Which the juſt Prince holds up with his right hand.
Authority in the lawful King is ſeen without fear or pain,
Becauſe he is the Owner of the Land.

A Prince muſt have the holy Oil poured upon his Head by his God,
In order to avoid the people's frown;
Since, unleſs he is Anointed, he cannot touch the regal Rod,
Or wear the Diadem or Kingly Crown.

When God came down to ſeparate his Sheep, and parcel out the Land,
He placed a Ruler over ev'ry State,
And had it marked in Gold, and cut out DEEP in Stone, as his command,
That man ſhould never alter a Decree of Fate.

Peace, or God's Daughter reconciles a
State with the reſt of the World,
And makes the Savage Lion lick the Kid,
While dreadful WAR from Hell delights to
ſee the Torch of Fury hurl'd;
When Juſtice, Law, and Veſta all are hid.

Pure Religion, Virtue's Siſter, offers us her
Sacred Book,
And fair robed Virtue ſeldom fails,
To gain the World itſelf, with her com-
poſed, and calm, and cheerful look,
While JUSTICE holds us up A PAIR OF
SCALES.

SATYR.

THE Tongue of Slander bites,
The barbed Arrow wounds,
While Reaſon calmly writes,
That Satyr has its bounds.

BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

A POEM.

READER, if you would trace the Pow'r Divine,
Mark how correct he pencils out each line;
Obſerve the gentle ſink, and then the ſwell,
And liſten to the ſound of the Blue Bell.

We firſt may ſee the Flower of the Snow,
Peep up and tell the Primroſe when to blow;
The Jeſſamine, the Ivey, and the Vine,
Are fairly rivall'd by the ſweet WOODBINE.

The Oak-leaf, the Acorn, and its Shell,
Are beauties that the Artiſts know full well;
But neither art, nor taſte, nor gen'us true,
Such beauties ever chaſed or drew.

The Convolvus, the Flag-leaf, and the Roſe,
The Weeping-Willow that near water grows;
The Lilley of the Valley Bells can ring,
And even THISTLE SEEDS have got a WING.

LORD WHAT IS MAN?

A POEM.

KING DAVID looking up on high,
Heard the Voice of the Spirit in the Sky,
Saying, LORD what is Man?

THE QUESTION ANSWERED BY THE PROPHET.

THE ANSWER.

WHEN Man was formed a Creature dark,
God ſtruck him with the Vital Spark,
And made him up an Agent free,
Intended for eternity.

Endow'd with power of thought and mind,
A Creature of peculiar kind;
His Parents Water, Air and Earth,
His Life, his Maker's proper breath.

His Thoughts can dive beneath the Sea,
Or ſoar beyond eternity;
Pierce through the gloomy damps of Hell,
Or go where heavenly Spirits dwell.

Hold converſe with his God above,
Or breathe forth ſtrains of heavenly love;
His make, his ſhape, his voice, his frame,
All declare from whence he came.

God looking down upon the Earth,
And ſeeing nought alive beneath,
Said Cattle here muſt graze the Plain,
And Man muſt till to raiſe the Grain.

He form'd the Birds with wings to fly,
To take his meſſage from the Sky;
The Fiſh had fins to ſwim the ſame,
And tell from whence their order came.

But Man muſt take an Angel's ſhape,
And bear his Maker's proper make;
Within his Head he placed his Soul,
His Eyes within his Sockets roll.

His Joints and Limbs he taught to move,
His Voice to chaunt forth ſtrains of love;
He placed within the human Heart,
What Angels never dared impart;

To Man, before the word was giv'n,
By God himſelf who rules in Heaven,
His Spirit dwells within his Frame,
His Blood contains ether'al flame.

His food recruits the Lamp of Life,
His paſs'ons e'er would be at ſtrife
If Reaſon did not lend her arm,
And keep his Senſes cool and calm.

The Spinal Marrow and the Brain,
Effluvia and Life contain;
From heav'nly love his Or'gin came,
From God himſelf he took his Name.

WISDOM.

AN EXTRACT.

TRUE Wiſdom is as Sun-ſhine to the Mind;
And a Lanthorn to the Feet.

GOOD ADVICE.

A POEM.

THE balm of comfort to impart,
And wipe the tear from Sorrow's Eye;
Doth ſhew the feelings of a Heart,
That's touch'd by Love and Sympathy.

The Heart that's nearly always broke,
Is like the Plant that's ſenſative;
Which cannot bear the cruel ſtroke,
Of diſappointed love and live.

The Plum is cover'd o'er with bloom,
The Mind is call'd the Seat of Senſe;
The tender Maid diſcovers ſoon,
That ſhe is cloth'd in innocence.

But when the Plum has loſt its blue,
The pretty look deſerts the face;
Becauſe the Violets never new,
But when its in its proper place.

Be careful therefore how you walk,
And recollect you'r only fair;
While you can ſmile and laugh and talk,
Before the Sun, and Moon, and Air.

Whene'er the Lovers ſoothing voice,
Comes gently whiſpering in your Ear;
Before you make the happy choice,
Mark well his Mind and Character.

If he ſhould only come for play,
Or hold you out as the Catch-Fly;
Send him home a proper way,
For Waſps can ſting as well as fly.

Before a Man has got his end,
As nature never plants a Weed;
Conſult your Brother, or your Friend,
For every Evil has a Seed.

Since when you've felt the barbed Dart,
Your Life, your Hope, your Peace is gone;
You'll turn towards your Lover's Heart,
Juſt like the FLOWER of the SUN.

CHARITY.

A POEM.

CHARITY ſuffereth long and is kind,
Becauſe ſhe is God's fav'rite Child;
She is an Emanat'on of the Mind,
She's ev'ry thing that's good and mild.

She is the Offspring of a feeling Heart,
Her Rays of Virtue warm the Soul;
Her placid look can Condolence impart,
She is in part, what God's the whole.

She will change her Shape a Million times,
In order to obtain her end;
Leave her calm home, and fly to diſtant climes,
To ſave the honour of a Friend.

Like God to others faults ſhe's always blind,
Her Heart and Hand together go;
Since Chriſt'an Charity is ever kind,
And that which hurts, ſhe'll never know.

The hungry with bread and meat ſhe feeds,
The wants of Men ſhe always knows;
The Lame and Blind ſhe ſoothes and gently leads,
The Naked ſhe ſupplies with Clothes.

The dreadful Priſon Door at her approach,
Flies open of its own accord;
The palid Tenant ſhe does not reproach,
But offers him her own Reward.

As walking out near Indias Bengal Bay,
She ſaw expoſed to many harms;
A tender helpleſs new born Infant lay,
And ſtoop'd and took him in her Arms.

She look'd and firſt embraced his pretty Frame,
Then held him up before the Sun;
Who ſpoke and call'd him Benjamin by name;
Or God and Nature's only Son.

She carries healing underneath her Wings,
She was before the Sun e'er ſhone;
Her preſence health and conſolation brings,
She'll melt a Heart of FLINT or STONE.

BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

A POEM.

No Artiſt's Pencil ever drew,
The Parſley-leaf, or Feverfew;
Or traced the eaſy Serpentine,
Like that which marks the Hand Divine.

Balm can Health and Comfort bring,
And Stinging-Nettles have a ſting;
The Crocus and the Myrtle Tree,
The yellow-blowing Jeſſeme;

The Laurel, Olive-leaf, and Bay,
All whiſper to the world and ſay,
That Man may view the grand deſign,
And trace their God in ev'ry line.

FAITH.

A POEM.

FAITH is a firm reliance on God's will,
Who never ſpeaks a word in vain;
Who ſays that no one can the Spirit kill,
And that to die is only gain.

But then he does not mean to throw away
A Prize that millions cannot buy;
But counts the tale of Bricks out ev'ry day,
Since he to Virtue's ever nigh.

If one or two ſhould fall within the lot,
He is not always ſo ſevere;
But that a fault or two may be forgot,
Becauſe he holds his People dear.

He is not deemed cruel, hard, or near,
But if a Ground is duly ſown
With Wheat, he comes at Harveſt every year,
And aſks the Farmer for his own.

If then the Fruit will always ſhew the Tree,
So Works, if good, will ſurely prove;
Whether a Man is fairly ſaid to be,
A friend to univerſal Love.

As Blackberries are never found to grow,
On Furze, or the Pomgranate Tree;
So faith, if pure and genuine, will ſhew,
Its Fruit for God and Man to ſee.

A Man that has not faith cannot believe,
That Men in virtue muſt delight;
Becauſe by faith he plainly muſt perceive,
That God is truth itſelf and light.

What is it then to live and not have faith,
But walking without any rule;
For mark well what a learned Poet ſaith,
" That ſuch a Man muſt be a fool."

If then your heart and mind will both approve,
It follows of its own accord,
That God himſelf is univerſal Love,
And Virtue is its own reward.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

A POEM.

GIDDY and wanton, young and wild,
And tired of his Father's home;
The Prodigal, though but a child,
Reſolves to go abroad and roam.

Reſtraint is irkſome to a Youth,
A Lion cannot bear a chain;
And time can only ſhew a truth,
That Virtue ſhould not be a pain.

Young People, ever folly's tools,
Shew by every ſtep they go;
That they muſt think their Fathers fools,
Who know that they are really ſo.

A Jewiſh Youth of ſuch a caſt,
Addreſs'd his Father thus one day:
Who was compel'd to ſay at laſt,
That for to love is to obey.

" Father, ſays he, give me my ſhare,
" Of what your goods when ſold will yield;
" And let my Brother take the care,
" Of all the Cattle in the Field:

" That I may gain a large Eſtate,
" To ſpeak in language very plain;
" I am reſolv'd to truſt to Fate,
" And turn my Prudence into gain."

As ſoon as e'er your Glaſs has run,
Or that the aged Tree may fall;
Behold your fav'rite eldeſt Son,
Will be declared the Lord of all.

When once the Lamp begins to burn,
We ſhould renew the ſtock of oil;
Since Gold will into Copper turn,
Unleſs increas'd by daily toil.

The Merchant keeps a ſteady rein,
For fear his credit once ſhould fall;
Well knowing that his daily gain,
Is paid him by his Capital.

Our Youth now thought a diff'rent way,
That thoſe who've Gold enough in ſtore;
Should eat and drink the preſent day,
As they the next may be no more.

Behold him in a ſplendid room,
A ſetting with a Concubine;
And e'er the next day's Sun at Noon,
Attending on his Maſter's Swine.

If here his God had ſpoke and ſaid,
When he was ſtrip'd of all his pride;
Friends give this Child a bit of Bread,
Ev'n God himſelf had been denied.

No more inclined to ſin or roam,
While tending on his Maſter's herds;
He writes a humble letter home,
Indited in theſe very words.

" Father I have offended thee,
" And am upon a diſtant ſhore;
" I am not worthy now to be,
" Received by you any more."

His Prayer his Father's breaſt alarms,
Who roſe before the riſing Sun;
And went with open heart and arms,
To meet his dear beloved Son.

A POEM,

ON THE BEING OF A GOD.

TRUE Faith, or Virtue's hallow'd fire,
Warm breathing from the Human Soul,
Inſpires our Hearts with ſoft deſire,
And wafts our thoughts from pole to pole.
The great Whale, and the little Fly,
Will ſhew there is a God on high.

Regard the ſource of Warmth and Light,
Aſk who made the Land and Sea,
The chearful Day and gloomy Night,
Were both mark'd out that Man may ſee.
Look at the Sun, behold the Eye,
And then declare there is a God on high.

But Man ſtill grov'ling in the dark,
With elevated thought and mind,
Conceals the fine immortal ſpark,
And is the only creature blind.
Behold the Deep, look at the Sky,
And then declare there is a God on high.

The Cattle hear his gentle Voice,
And move the way he waves his Hand;
While Man, his Maker's brighteſt choice,
Neglects his firſt and GREAT COMMAND.
The Hills *ſpeak out*, and Mountains cry,
Behold there is a God on high.

The Butterfly diſplays his Wings,
Inanimat'on has a Tongue;
The little Robin ſits and ſings,
His evening and his morning Song.
All Nature ſpeaks, and ſeems to cry,
Behold there is a God on high.

The Water Wheel goes round and round,
The Sun goes round the ſame,
The Planets and the Moon go round,
To praiſe their Maker's name.
Perpetual * Motion in the ſky,
Will ſhew there is a God on high.

P.

* Perpetual Motion is a WATER WHEEL.

HEAVEN.

A POEM.

If Men would raiſe their minds to Heav'n,
They'd ſee beyond the higher ſky;
A place that God himſelf has giv'n,
Of reſt to all Eternity.

Towards the Eaſt a Temple Door,
Stands always open night and day;
Where Men may enter, rich or poor,
If they can face their God and ſay:

" Thy will, O Lord, on Earth I've done,
" And have with honeſt upright mind,
" Walk'd in thy ways before the Sun,
" Well knowing thou art always kind."

Its call'd the royal Houſe of Reſt,
For all inſpection centers there;
Where none can enter but the bleſt,
For whom there God will always care.

Its joys a mortal may divine,
For God has oft been heard to ſay;
That it was never HIS DESIGN,
To caſt one human ſoul away.

SENTENCES

FROM THE

AUTHOR's WRITINGS AND NOTES,

SHEWING THE

FORCE AND BEAUTY

OF THE

ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

THE Lilley of the Valley ſaid, "that the Engliſh was a pretty language, and a beautiful language, if muſically pronounced. Sound the word Jewel, ſays ſhe, and try its effect. Touch a Lilley of the Valley Bell, and try if it will tingle."

"The Low Bell tingles in Heaven, the Sheep are called to the Fold."

"The Flame of God was ſeen in the Buſh; the Blood of Abel cried out from the ground."

"Hold up a Glaſs of Water before the Candle, and try if you can ſee any thing in it."

" There are certain circumſtances coming out about the Sun by and by, which the people do not expect to hear."

" You may as well put your Fingers into a Steel Rat-Trap, as to meddle with that ſubject."

" Sir, the Letters C. M. H. S. are ſent for you to decipher, if you pleaſe."

" The Eagle is in the Sky."

" Mr. Printer, let the Low-Bell tingle about the ſtreets of Oxford and Cambridge a little while, and then we will produce the Sweet Muſicians Poetry."

" The Ptolomaic Syſtem is now like a Glaſs Globe, that has been ſtruck with a Stick."

" He lent a little Boy a Stick, and bid him trundle round a Hoop, to ſhew the World Mechanic Powers."

" The Gentlemen of the Univerſity of Oxford may find a few Hoops in the Third Book of Euclid's Elements, and a Stick in the Fifth. The Freemaſon's Trowel was carefully locked up in a little ſquare Box in the Forty-ſeventh Propoſition of the Firſt Book, by Archimedes: any perſon poſſeſſing the key of knowledge, may take it out and look at it. This was the great ſecret that the Jewiſh workmen had to keep."

" Turn over a few pages of Memorias POCKET BOOK."

" A Poet

" A Poet ſhould weigh all his Letters in a pair of Money Scales before he ſends them to the Preſs; ſince there is no allowance made for cracks and flaws in England."

" The Tambarine gingles."

" Poeta naſcitur, before a Poem was made, the letter A was formed, B was looked at, C was ſounded; when the Poet found out that the two laſt were mute."

" A man that can ring a ſound baſon, is ſaid to have a clear Conſcience."

" If you hope to approach God, you muſt do it with the Scales of Juſtice in your right hand."

" The Metaphor of a ſtrong arm was well underſtood among the Jews."

" Throw in a Hook and catch a Fiſh, was a national phraſe among them for uſe your induſtry."

" The Device of the Eagle coming down from Heaven, upon a Snake in the Graſs, is a proper Emblem of God's coming down upon the World to deſtroy Sin."

" The Mop Eagle trundles herſelf before the Sun, to pleaſe her God."

" The Sun alſo ſhakes the Wet off herſelf every Day at Twelve o'Clock."

" Spin a Top at going down, and you may view it."

" The GREAT BROAD WAGGON WHEEL."

" Let the Clergy try if they cannot make Ixion's Wheel ſtand ſtill."

" Ring a China Baſon with your knuckle."

" It is now time, ſays a certain character, in writing to a Nobleman, for me to throw down my Cloak, and ſhew myſelf to the World."

" Sir, you will throw your Words up into the Air."

" Fix your Eye upon the Object before you throw the Stone."

" The Web of Iniquity was too fine Wove."

" The Electric Spark from Heaven ſhould fly along from Link to Link."

" If the Power that conducts the Moon, were to wind the Cord a few rounds upon the Winlaſs, the Land to a certain extent would be overflowed, without the aſſiſtance of Rain; or if the Earth were to change its accuſtomed ſituation but a very little, a part of its ſurface, which is now dry, would be covered with Water. Therefore, be no longer preſumptuous, for that God who looks at the Moon, can make her deſcribe a leſs circle if he thinks well, or alter the poſition of the

World

World. Or he who placed the Springs within the Surface of the Earth, can make them Boil up."

"The Skipping Cord, when in Motion, deſcribes an Oval, and a Hunting Whip whirled over a Gentleman's Head, a Circle."

"If you provoke God to leave his Seat in Heaven, he will come down with a Scythe in his hand, and look out for the earlieſt Graſs."

"Hold up the Balance between your Country and your God; my Lord Thurlow in the cauſe of Heaven."

"A man with a guilty Conſcience will walk about like a White Ghoſt, trembling like an Aſpen Leaf."

"Put Religion in one Scale, and Juſtice in the other, and then hold them up in your Right Hand."

"The Meſſiah held up the Scales between the People and their God."

"If a Houſe or a Building were ſurrounded with Props, it would convey to the mind the idea, that if theſe were removed it would fall down."

AGAIN,

"If a Houſe or a Wall is ſurrounded with Props, it immediately occurs to us, that if theſe were taken away it would tumble down."

AGAIN,

" If a Building is ſurrounded with Props, we conclude, that if they were removed it would give way."

" In the three above inſtances the Houſe falls, tumbles, and gives way, when you ſee it come down flat upon the Ground."

" A Kite will pitch, tumble, or fall down."

" The Waves come rolling on and on, and daſh againſt the Shore."

" If I were to take a handful of Diamonds out of a Caſket, and throw them down upon the Carpet before My Lord ———, he would not ſtoop to pick them up."

" When I firſt wrote to your Excellence I had only a Snow-Ball in my hand; but by rolling of it, or writing a little every day, it is now become a Heap."

" How did you like my Picture of a man with a Dog barking in his Heart."

" A Man ſhaking hands with his Friend, with an Italian Steletto in his Boſom."

" If you ſow Tares, Wheat will not come up."

" A good Orator will wind round his Argument with as much eaſe, as a Woman does her Cotton upon the Skaning Reel."

" The Inner at the Wicket, wants ſome one to catch the Ball, after he has ſtruck it; the Players want the

the Audience, and the Preacher a Congregation, and God wants your attention to the admonitions which the Prophets deal forth."

"Look at a Human Skull, and look at the word Pride. Good nature and affability attend the Angels of Light."

"The Prophet looks into the Heart of Man with a Watch-maker's EYE-GLASS; while God can inſpect his Mind, and examine his Thoughts."

"The Truth is ſeldom bought or ſold by political Men, and they never give it away."

"A Lady turning the Miſchief Wheel round and round on Earth; and the Furies holding up the Ovals in Hell."

"If a Lady ſets one Foot wrong, ſhe cannot make it match the other again; therefore let her watch her ſteps; for when ſhe walks abroad, TRAPS are ſet and Snares are laid in her way."

"An accuſed Spirit may be called a Spider of Hell, ſince he is doomed to crawl about there in the dark."

"Tell the Lord Mayor of London to hang up a pair of Scales big enough to weigh a Waggon, Horſes, and all, and let him draw a Cart Rope acroſs the City."

"A Silken Cord will ſtop the Ladies."

"A Lady grinding Pearls and Diamonds in a Coffee Mill, is a proper Emblem of an extravagant WOMAN."

THE FULL PERIOD.

"The Miniſter was going to kill the fine large Old Engliſh Lion, that uſed to play with the pretty Dog, that the Keepers put into his Den in the Tower."

QUEEN ANN'S REIGN.

THE ALEXANDRIAN PERIOD.

"A great broad-wheel'd Waggon load of learned Lumber, Pride, and Lazineſs."

THE HIGH WALL OF PRIDE.

THE MALT MILL.

"Put ——— into a Malt Mill, and grind him down to duſt and powder."

"The Engliſh caught the Phenix."

"If a King has a good Title, a clear Conſcience, and a ſound Heart, he will always be ſupported by the People; when he is not doing wrong."

"A wiſe

" A wiſe King ſhould rather liſten to the voice of Reaſon, than to the report of a Gun, or the noiſe of a Cannon: a ſoft anſwer will therefore not only turn away Wrath, but ſtop a Cannon Ball."

" A Kite darts down upon a Partridge when it is winged."

" You may as well attempt to whip a Deal Board, as to make a weak Man feel a blow from the Pen."

" If you throw Snow Balls, take care that you do not load them with Stones."

" General blow the froth of this Pot of Porter, and drink the King's health."

" The Soldiers want the old Camp form to be ſet out again."

" The word Soldier comes from the word Sol the Sun, and Dies a Day, and means a Man who is not aſhamed to walk abroad at any time."

" The Weazel and the Kite."

" Let an elegant Woman hold up a pair of Gold Money Scales in her right hand, with a Black Beetle in the one, and a Chafer in the other."

" If I do not puſh his Title Deeds on one ſide, I ſhall not find room on the Table to lay my own down."

" It is the Heart that laughs, the Mind that ſuffers pain, and the Eye that weeps.

" The Ancients called the playing at Battledoor and Shuttlecock with words the merry Catch; hence, the words CATCHES and GLEES."

" When a Perſon laughs immoderately out of ſeaſon, it is uſual to ſay, that the HORSE PUMP is a going; ſince Water is the Emblem of Weakneſs."

PHILOSOPHY.

" When the Heart ſpeaks, there is ſomething in the Head that anſwers; when the Children are a talking, the Father's Heart liſtens; and when they are affected, his Bowels yean upon them. If I am bereaved of my Children, I am bereaved."

" The natural Body is the Caſe of the Clock, it is the Spirit that ſtrikes or ſpeaks, the Heart is the Pendulum; there is a little GLOW-WORM in the BRAIN (the SOUL), which has its Hair Spring and Flyer. If there was nothing alive in the Body, the Pulſes would not beat ſo regular; the Face is the DIAL PLATE, and the HEART has an INDEX."

" One would not ſuppoſe that the moſt civilized Nation in the World, would have ſaid, let there be darkneſs;

darkneſs; when they might have brought down the Sun itſelf from Heaven."

"There was a time in France, when, if a Printer did but ſet a Letter in the Preſs the wrong way, he was ſure of being ſeized upon by the Sberi, who would drag him unheard to the BASTILE, where he might lie, till ANXIETY, like an Acouſtic, had eat all the Fleſh off from his Bones: If he had FORTITUDE to bear his fate, and looked well in the Face, he was a hardened Villain; and if he grew palid, and ſo weak that he could not bear the weight of his Chains, he had got his deſerts. HUMANITY herſelf in thoſe days was trampled under feet, and Juſtice kick'd out of doors."

See a Work entitled, Political Remarks on the Adminiſtration of Rob: and the Affairs of France, written by C. Sandbroke, Eſq. and printed at New York.

"When Garrick came upon the Stage in a fury, Shakeſpear's ſhade followed him to keep his Spirits up."

"A Fane is called a Political WEATHER COCK."

"The Swan ſhews herſelf in the Bay of Bengal."

"If

" If one party ſets the Political Nine-Pins up, the other, while oppoſition remains, will try to bowl them down. But if one Man makes his Bed in Hell, another is not obliged to lie down by his ſide. " Therefore, ceaſe to do evil, and learn to do well."

" The Old Engliſh Barons had Steel in their Swords, Courage in their Hearts, and Rectitude in their Minds: which made them ever ready to accompany their King when the Enemy appeared."

" When a Writer ſpeaks of blending the Tint, and ſoftning off the Shade, of the Worm Rick Foliage, and the Golden Ears of Corn, we may conclude from his Language, that he has acquired a knowledge of the fine Arts. I would rather, ſays an Author of this Stamp, heighten the Colours, than ſoften the Shade of any Picture I have ſent you yet."

" Hope liſtens as ſhe reſts upon her Anchor."

" A little laughter gladdens the heart; but too much of it affects the ſpirit."

" He ſaid he could ſee it through a Hoop."

" If an impure thought comes acroſs your mind, take down the Glaſs of Water from off the Chimney Piece, and ſip a little of it; if in the Night, hold up in Idea a Trowel before your Eyes, that will remove it."

" A Lady may look at a little Thread laid down looſe upon the table."

" We

" We have ſeen the Camel through the Eye of the Needle long enough."

" The Eye of the Needle is the Door of Heaven."

" When the Lord made his entry into Jeruſalem, the People as he paſſed along cried out, Maſter, your Voice isn't loud enough."

" If a perſon carefully ſurveys Raphael's Picture of St. Paul Preaching to the Athenians, he will perceive the Prophetic Fire ſtriking from his Mouth."

" Moſes told the Jews that there were two Cauſes up in the World, the Cauſe of Heaven and that of Hell; ſtretch forth your hand, ſays he, my friends, and chuſe: But, ſays Aaron, take care how you take it back again."

" He ſhrinks like a Senſitive Plant at the ſhock of an Electric Eel."

" God lets the Retribution Wheel go but one notch a day, till it has paſſed the Semicircle; when he ſends it with fury round."

" This Man had all the ſubtilty of the Spider, when ſhe weaves the web of deſtruction for a poor innocent Fly."

" It is my province, ſays he, to drag the Monſters out from their lurking dens."

" Every Star is a Pole, ſince the Zenith and the Nadir vary with the Place."

" When

" When God ſpeaks to a Prophet, he ſpeaks to the world; the preſs ſhould therefore repeat his words in time, ſince the light of Heaven ſhould not be ſhut out."

" The Snail draws in her horns. He opened his eyes and looked at Hell. He opened his mouth and gaped at Hell."

" Before a man can go into the Temple, and examine the beauties of it, he muſt be furniſhed with the Keys."

" Uſeful information muſt be ſiſhed for."

" The Fig means bread, and the Vine drink; to ſet down under the Fig-Tree and the Vine, therefore means to be in comfortable circumſtances."

" The loud clap, or the great craſh, is an exploſion of the component parts."

" When God puniſhes a whole kingdom, it is generally half a dozen individuals that provoke him to it."

" The eyes are windows for the ſpirit to look out at."

" The wing of the Swallow."

" The Lamp goes out, but we do not know what becomes of the Flame.

. Slatter, Printer, Oxford.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM